THE CHIMES

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE CHIMES

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The Editorial Staff wish to express their sincere appreciation of the voluntary support of the pupils who have submitted material for the CHIMES. We sincerely hope to have a more varied list of contributors. To produce the best possible results, we need the support of the whole school. Show your cooperation by writing something for the school paper.

We wish to thank the Alumni for their interest in our magazine. We also wish to thank the advertisers for their continued financial aid of our school paper.

EDITORIALS

THE GOOD ATHLETE

The real athlete is not always the flashy "star" who performs the brilliant catches or the sensational runs. He is the man who plays steadily and plods day by day to master the game which he is playing. "Stars" are usually made in a thrilling moment. In football a player intercepts a forward pass and makes a brilliant run of seventy-five yards for a touchdown and wins the game. He is a hero, and, if he is popular, is assured of his position on the team. If he makes errors in future games, it is said that he had an "off day" and he is excused at once. This is not my idea of what a real athlete should be. He should be a good, clean fighter, who can accept defeat with good grace, and can be victorious without being overbearing. In the big college games and in the World Series this type of player usually comes through with the play that wins. He plays steadily, but does not attract much attention. Then he suddenly performs a brilliant play and it is said that he is a natural baseball or football player. This is not always the case. Most of his success is due to keeping himself in good physical condition and practicing steadily and faithfully.

The spirit of an athlete usually determines his success or failure. He should have a fighting spirit, but not a quarrelsome one. To play a game most successfully a man should be cool and collected. If a pitcher loses his temper in a game. he also loses his control of the ball; and the game is usually lost. On the other hand if a pitcher is cool and unruffled. he steadies the other members of the team and often snatches victory from defeat. A player who has these qualities is a good athlete whether he is a "star" or just an ordinary player.

EDGAR HYLAND, '26.

A FRIEND

What is a friend?

First of all a friend must be some one whom you admire and respect; for a person you look down upon can never be your friend. A friend is one who will stand by you through thick and thin. He is as true in the darkest hour as when fortune smiles on you. When others condemn you for some misdeed, he will stand by you. He will not say you did right, but he will help you to redeem yourself.

He is not one to whom you need tell everything. He will trust in you when you cannot give a reason for your actions. He has faith in you when another would demand an explanation. But when you do confide in him, he respects your confidence.

A friend does not proclaim your praises in a loud voice simply to win your favor, but neither will he stand by and hear your name dishonored. He is as loyal when your back is turned as to your face. A friend does not express his sympathy for your sorrow in a torrent of well-meaning words, but by soothing hand and kindly eye, comforts you more than mere words can ever do. He does for you the many little things that no one but a friend would ever think of doing. He knows your good and bad points and does not feel hurt or offended at your sudden outburst of temper or changing moods. He is willing to help you though it means a sacrifice on his part. A friend is one to whom you can go in sorrow or discouragement and find solace and comfort.

Nor does his friendship end with death. He is the one who years afterwards sheds a tear on your grave when all others have forgotten you.

A real friend is one of the most priceless things in the world, but to have a friend you must be a friend.

HELEN HEALY, '26.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF "OLD IRONSIDES"

The frigate *Constitution,* affectionately known as *Old Ironsides,* is the most famous ship in American history. She was a 44-gun frigate, built in 1794 and launched September 20, 1797. Her record is one of victory from beginning to end. In every battle she was victorious and her fame still lives.

As the flag-ship of Commodore Preble, the *Constitution* took part in the bombardment of Tripoli. She became really famous in the War of 1812.

Her most famous battle was with the English ship, *Gueriere.* Dacres, commander of the *Gueriere,* had issued a challenge stating that he would take on any American ship, and was convinced that he could beat and capture it.

Accordingly, on August 19, 1812, the *Constitution,* under the command of Captain Isaac Hull, sighted the *Gueriere.* Both ships were anxious to fight and immediately began shifting about for an advantageous position. The battle lasted one-half hour and in that time the *Gueriere* was thoroughly beaten and her men made prisoners. The American loss was only fourteen men while the British was seventy-four.

On December 29, about four months later, the *Constitution,* with Bainbridge in command, encountered the *Java* off the coast of Brazil. After a desperate struggle of two hours' endurance, the Java was entirely destroyed, and the *Constitution* was once more victorious. In 1814 four more prizes were conquered by the *Constitution,* and in 1815 the *Cyane* and the *Levant* were conquered.

In September 1830 Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man, read an article in his newspaper which commented on the proposal of the Navy Department to dismantle the old frigate which had done such herioc work in the war of 1812. His patriotism was aroused, and he at once dashed off a protest in form of a poem which he sent to the *Boston Daily Advertiser.* The poem was named *Old Ironsides* and it was copied everywhere. It created such a feeling that the old ship was saved. The *Constitution* was rebuilt and gave good service for twenty-five years more. She made her last trip across the ocean in 1878.

Not long ago a movement was started by the Grand Army of the Republic to raise a fund, which was to be used to repair the *Constitution.* The movement was nation-wide, and every scholar in the schools of the United States was asked to contribute one penny. The week of October 11 to 17 was called "Old Ironsides Week" and during that time contributions were made.

Since 1878 the *Constitution* has lain in the Boston Navy Yard as a barrack ship, where it may still be seen.

RUTH LA VANGE, '27.

DAWN

Amid colors indescribable, which no artist can hope to reproduce, the sun, a brilliant red ball of fire, forces its way through multi-colored clouds and drives the last shadow of night far into the other side of the world.

Men travel miles to view the paintings of master artists, but millions sleep as a picture excelling all the art of man is painted on a canvas all can see and enjoy. This great scene so easy for all of us to delight in is viewed by few and their only comment is, "Another hard day's work at hand."

JOHN PROUTY, '26.

A STUDENT

As the word "student" is applied, it usually means a person who attends a school, a college, or a higher institution of learning.

The younger person, perhaps, is the greatest student. A child from the time he begins to walk is learning something. Each day he finds out the name of some new thing, or accomplishes some new task.

The older person has learned all these things which the child is just learning. But, he has many things to learn and accomplish also. His ideas are connected more with the philosophical questions of life, and the further development of science, now that he has learned the technicalities. For instance, the chemist experiments with acids and gases to find out their effects on certain things. In experimenting he learns not only what he is trying to find out, but something perhaps that he has never before thought of.

Through every walk of life, people are finding out something that will aid them in what they are doing — whether it be a new device, or a new method for doing their work.

So, why should we confine the word "student" to a person who attends school? Aren't we all attending, the greater, more wonderful, and broader school of experience? Aren't we all students in this school? BESSIE MONAHAN, '26.

OPPORTUNITY

To the window of thy heart
Comes a wanderer peering in,
Calling, with a merry shout,
"Opportunity waits without;
Dreamer wake and let me in,
Sleeping now is deadly sin;
Only once I pass thy way,
Just today we two are kin.
Regret shall call, with setting sun,
Follow 'till life's span is run,
If my help you scoffing shun,
True Endeavor is my squire,
He will tend thy house and fire;
Quickly come, then let me in,
I can help life's race to win.

"See how the fallen line the way,
Yet on each I called one day;
Now they cumber up the earth,
Useless bulk and wasted birth.
Take my hand and strive to win,
Dream no more, but let me in,
I'll slay the dragon Might-Have-Been."

HAZEL G. EATON, '26.

ALUMNI NOTES

Marion Damon, '25, is working in a Boston office.

Eulaila Pinkham, '25, works in a bank in Boston.

Edward McCarthy, '25, is employed as a plumber by William Harney of Scituate Harbor, Mass.

Mary Ford, '25, is taking a normal course at Boston University.

Grace Towle, '25, and Winifred Ward, '25, are attending Fitchburg Normal School.

Mary Flaherty, '24, works in a Boston office.

Martha Lincoln, '24, is employed in the office at the Keith Shoe Factory at East Weymouth, Mass.

Helen Jellows, '24, is a clerk at the Scituate Grocery Store, Scituate, Mass.

Priscilla Fish, '24, is working in the office of the George F. Welch Company.

Barbara O'Connor, '23, is employed as bookkeeper in the office of the Otis Market, Scituate.

James Dwyer, '24, is assistant electrician at the Electric Shop in Scituate.

George Murphy, '24, works for the Massachusetts Bond Insurance Company in the Metropolitan Department in Boston.

Velma Pelrine, '23, is now Mrs. Keith Huntley.

Winifred Elliot, '25, is attending Gordon College in Boston.

Margaret Cole, '25, is taking a librarian's training course in the Springfield Library.

John Ford, '25, is employed by the Boston & Albany R. R. Company in Allston as stenographer.

Louise Murphy, '21, works at the G. Dana Yeaton Insurance office as stenographer.

Dorothy Cole, '20, is teaching at Hingham, Mass.

Franklin Sharpe, '24, is employed at the Atlantic National Bank as bank messenger.

Hilda Stenbeck, '22, is taking a normal course at the Perry Kindergarten School in Boston.

Evelyn Bonney, '24, is working in a doctor's office in New York.

Thomas Barry, '22, is employed by the Edison Electric Company in North Cohasset.

Mildred Driscoll, '22, is a senior at Boston University.

Mildred Webster, '22, is Mrs. Kenneth Briggs.

Marion Topman, '20, is a nurse in a Boston hospital.

Eleanor Dwyer, '24, is working in a steamship office in Boston.

ROSE HERNAN, '26.

LITERARY

THE ANTIQUE CHAIR

"Ranny, I want you to go up in the attic and bring down that chair that belonged to Great-grandmother Curtin's grandmother. The Silvin-smiths have some chairs that they say are genuine antiques which belonged to some great aunt of George Washington. If my chair is glued and wired together it will be fine to put in the parlor. I'll warrant we can invent as good a history about it as the Silvin-smiths did of theirs."

Ranny obediently started for the attic stairs. The attic was always an interesting place to Ranny, the more so because he was not allowed to go into it very often. It was a large attic and in it were innumerable trunks, bags, old satchels, barrels, the clothes of past generations, boxes, mice, a lot of old furniture, a pair of ancient crutches, an ancient and moth-eaten rocking horse, and last winter's woolen garments. You can easily understand how such an attic would be interesting. Some one had recently made a hurried search for Aunt Eliza's wedding dress as a costume for a masquerade. Everything was left topsy-turvy. A clothes basket with several bouquets of artificial flowers in it reposed on a battered highboy. The rocking horse was gently rocked in a rickety cradle by the unruly mice.

When Ranny reached the head of the attice stairs, the old chair was nowhere to be seen. Ranny was glad of this because it meant that he could have a chance to clamber over the trunks and other paraphernalia that littered the place. This would give him an opportunity to examine anything that he found while in search of the chair. Seeing a bed with a mahogany china-closet piled on it, he decided this was the place to begin his hunt. Climbing on the bed, he heard a series of hair-raising and blood-curdling squeals coming from the direction of the mattress.

"Oh--h--h!" Ranny cried in fright, but he calmed down very soon when he remembered how he had teased Allie, his sister because she was afraid of mice. "Pshaw, it's only mice. I'm not frightened anyway. They did sound awful though. I didn't know they made noises like that. No wonder Alice is scared of 'em. Oh pshaw, I don't care." he thought. Then he decided that the antique could not be in that corner of the attic. Of course he wasn't afraid of those little mice, but — oh pshaw! He turned to a pile of trunks, on the top of which was a pile of boxes. The chair might be behind that. Placing his feet firmly in a crevice he started to climb, clutching the lock of the third trunk. He didn't know what happened next, only that the skyscraper of trunks (luckily they

were empty) reeled dizzily and crashed to the floor. Ranny saw whole constellations of stars and what seemed to be all the wealth of the Pharaohs of Egypt falling down on him with all its regal splendor. When he came to, he found himself upside down, his feet occupying a packing box while his head rested in his mother's ostrich-plumed Gainsborough hat. In his undignified descent he had plunged thru Aunt Emma's horse hair sofa. His shoulders were now wedged in it in an uncomfortable position. All around lay the treasures of the Magi which he had seen going down. When Ranney had extricated himself, he found these to be Christmas tree trimmings, tinsel, gaily colored balls, beads, miniature Santa Clauses, cotton snow, all smashed into pieces.

"Charles Rannon! Whatever are you doing so long and what is all this unearthly noise?"

"Nothing. I just fell down. Be down in a minute," replied the battered boy, hastily sweeping the debris into a tool chest. "I see the old chair now," as he spied it under the shelter of a wide-spreading hoop skirt. Ranny wiped the perspiration from his face and started down stairs with the antique chair, where he found the furniture all covered with a fine white dust, the plaster which had descended in a cloud when the "earthquake" occurred.

"Son, I should think that you could find a chair without making all that noise. I thought the roof was falling in," scolded Mrs. Rannon. "Anyway, I suppose I must forgive you for spoiling my furniture and ceilings as long as you brought my chair down whole. Boys are such blunder-busses."

"Oh mamma, it wasn't anything at all, nothin' at all," Ranny innocently replied, rubbing a black and blue spot.

BARBARA COLMAN, '29.

SUNSET

A sunset ne'er did I behold
As this one with its specks of gold,
Its dashing reds, its orange bright,
Its blues, and lavenders, and white,
The sky made rosy with its light
Foretells, with beauty, a perfect night.

ELEANOR COLE, '26.

OCTOBER

When the nights are long and frosty
When the days are cold and clear,
When the golden woods are calling,
Then we know October's here.

When the cold wind shakes the tree-tops,
When the blue sky is o'ercast,
When the golden woods are dying,
Then we know October's past.

ANNA HEALY, '28.

THE THREE JULIAS

A hot August sun poured down on a sea of bluest sapphire dotted with tiny white sails. The waves rolled in upon burning sands, whose colorless expanse was dyed with the bright hues of countless sunshades and beach apparel. The gay throngs basked in the sun or frolicked about on the shore and in the water. Among these carefree crowds Kent Stewart tramped moodily, gazing at the far horizon with unseeing eyes. The faint sea breeze ruffled his hair and the sun glinted in his curls, as though they loved to nestle there. His athletic form, his bronzed skin, the powerful muscles, the carriage and the beauty of him, likened to him to a young god of Olympus. Thus thought Julia Faxton as she watched him swing across the sand.

A thin treble startled him from his revery. Instantly he recognized that voice and half turned, his first impulse to run. He wanted to be alone—to tnink the thing out. He turned back again and slowly approached the spot where, under the gaudiest umbrella on the beach, a plump, good-natured looking girl with weak, blue eyes and wispy yellow hair, reclined against a pile of red cushions. Nearby lay a box of chocolates and a novel, while cuddled in the girl's arms was a shaggy, white poodle.

"Oh, Mr. Stewart," she murmured, "isn't it hot?"

The crushed ruffles of her organdy, the red cushions, the woolly poodle and her avoirdupois confirmed the statement.

"Do sit down," she rambled on, and, as he started to make a trivial excuse, added, "Sit down. I want to talk to you."

Kent spread his six feet of sinewy frame on the sand and raised his eyes with polite interest and mild curiosity.

It was seldom that those eyes were serious, but now they gazed into hers with unfathomable graveness as though some profound sorrow or some daring plan lurked in their blue depths.

"I'm so lonesome," said Julia Faxon. And she rambled on about some recent garden party to an unappreciative listener. Suddenly Kent Stewart's tanned face lit up with gladness, and joy replaced for a time the gloomy suggestion of his eyes.

Julia Faxton's gaze followed his across the sands to where a lithesome young figure in a green bathing suit raced across the beach, closely followed by a young boy. Julia Winslowe could outrun the fleetest. She scaled a huge rock which stretched long arms into the sea, and stood poised an instant

on its farthest extremity, her slim body swaying gently. And as her pursuer drew near, a green meteor flashed through the air and was lost in the blue below. Then there was the gleam of brown arms swimming toward shore; and she stood dripping with brine, panting, laughing, glowing with life, as she waited for her brother.

Kent Stewart made a movement to get up. The girl spoke in a tremulous voice. Julia Faxton could cry very easily and now she was very near tears.

Kent doffed an imaginary plumed hat and bent low.

"It is indeed grievous to me to be compelled to leave you thus soon," he declared elegantly. "Yet I must needs depart."

The half sob changed to a giggle. Julia Faxton could also giggle very easily, and Kent Stewart had provoked merriment from far more solemn people than she.

She watched him dart away, come unawares upon a slender figure in a green bathing suit, and bear her into the waves. And Julia Faxton sighed.

. . . . . .

As Kent opened the door of his aunt's home, he found his temporary gaiety slowly being replaced by his earlier mood. That morning he had come face to face with a problem which had been brewing for some time, and now a decision was inevitable.

Kent Stewart had been left at the age of three, a penniless orphan, to the volition of the Fates. And the Fates had been kind to him. Adopted by a maiden lady with a kind heart and a slender purse, he had spent the first few years of his life playing and working with those no better off than he. Then Ezra Faxton had died, leaving his money to his unmarried niece, Julia. His other niece, Mary, had married a wealthy young man, son of a Wall Street broker, and his only nephew, Stanly Faxton, had married against his uncle's wishes. Therefore Julia Faxton had, thanks to the eccentricities of an old man, inherited the whole fortune, and from that time on Kent Stewart was brought up in the best of society. He went to an exclusive preparatory school, and thence to college, where he was known for his football rather than any merit in scholarship. After a prolonged tour of Europe, he came home to enjoy the idle luxury of the rich. He was soon the darling of the women and looked upon as an all-round good fellow by the men. The summer after his return he met Stanly Faxton's daughter, Julia, a plump demoiselle much like her aunt whose name she bore, in more ways than one. Soon after he had met Julia Winslowe. Funny they should both be named Julia. Now he and Julia Winslowe were engaged. And that is where the trouble lay. He had been informed that he must marry Miss Julia Faxton's niece, or lose his inheritance, the wealth, the position, and the many blessings (if they be blessings) which accompany them. It

was too much to ask, he told himself. Still Julia Faxton was a nice girl. But—didn't he owe it to his aunt to grant the first thing she had ever asked? Yet, candidly, Kent Stewart could not give up his money without a great effort.

He loved the idle, happy days, filled with golf, tennis, motoring, dinners, and parties. He was a coddled child of Dame Fortune, and could not readily relinquish his carefree life.

During dinner he spoke little, going directly to his room when he had finished. He walked absently to his desk and picked up a snapshot taken on the memorable day when he had picnicked in the country with Julia. Now her eyes looked pleadingly at him, as before they had seemed to cheer him in his times of sorrow, spur him on to victory when defeat was imminent, and laugh with him when he was gay.

Perhaps half an hour afterwards, he caught up his hat and went out into the street. The sun was hidden behind a mass of black clouds and soon big drops began to fall. It was late when he returned, and the flickering arc lights played upon the inky pools in the wet street. It was still raining and the wind howled dismally round the dark masses of buildings. But Kent Stewart's heart was light, for his decision was made and he had obtained the first job he had ever held. To be sure it wasn't much, but he and Julia could get along—

As he turned in at his own residence, he could see lights in the library and a bright fire crackling on the hearth of the great stone fireplace. He could see his Aunt Julie's plump form, and nearby a fair head bent over—yes, a tiny ball of white fluff. And outside the circle of light bent a violet shadow which escaped his casual glance.

As he entered the hall his aunt's high voice called.

"Is that you, Kent?"

He came to the library door and saw Aunt Julie and her niece, Julia Faxton.

"It's no use," he said in a tired tone, "I can't do it. I've got a job and I'm going to—"

"Julia has some news for us," broke in his aunt.

Julia, her poodle cuddled in one arm, stretched out a plump, white hand. On the fourth finger gleamed a huge solitaire.

She nodded in answer to his bewildered glance. "I've got myself engaged," she said in the childish tone she always fell into when highly excited. "To Mr. Edward Channing Coxwell."

"The young man with the spectacles," said Aunt Julie aloud, but inwardly her heart was singing over and over, "Bravo, Kent Stewart, bravo! I knew you would do it."

"B — but," stammered Kent, "I don't understand. You said—"

"Meet my niece," said Miss Julia Faxton in a complacent tone. "I believe you're not acquainted with her."

At a faint rustle of silk, he turned, bewildered, to see Julia

Winslowe, her brown locks as tousled and charming as ever, her dark eyes as full of impish glee and tender love as only Julia Winslowe's eyes could be. An instant she stood poised, as a butterfly on some trembling rose leaf, and then an ever so slightly turned up nose with nine tiny freckles, impudent laughing brown eyes, and a face that altogether looked like an impish sprite of Maxfield Parrish, was pressed close to Kent Stewart's rainsoaked coat.

And Miss Julia Faxton smiled on the two nieces who had been named for her. H. L. WILSON, '26.

HARVEST TIME

The weather is cold but bright,
The days are shorter, too,
The nights are chilly but clear,
Each dawn brings frozen dew.

The barren fields are frozen and hard,
The frost comes every night,
The squirrel is busy packing nuts
In his home all snug and tight.

The turkey tries to hide away
He knows his doom is near.
The children hustle to find their skates
And run to the pond with a cheer.

This is the harvest time of the year,
And the birds to the south have flown.
The harvester goes forth to reap,
And gather what he has sown.

No man can expect to receive
Any more than he has given,
The man that gives the best he has
Is the man that is nearest Heaven.

WALLACE TORREY, '26.

THE TOWER

Majestically it rises above the land;
A tall gray spectre of better days,
The birds nest in its shielding eaves
And shriek encouragement
As it struggles to reach the sky.
Year in, year out, it has battled
The howling winds and pelting rains.
Year in, year out, the tentacles of tiny vines
Wind about the weather'd shingles;
Yet despite all Nature's protests,
It still remains, through passing time,
Showing its former splendor
But undefeated! JEAN LAWSON, '26.

THE LIFE OF THE NORTH

The ground was covered with glistening, crusty snow. Off in the distance the snow-capped mountains reflected the pinks of the setting sun. The trail was worn down to a rutty mass of white, with a coating of ice which cut the feet of the hard-working sled dogs, and left little red stains which made a pretty contrast with the white snow.

Up the lonely trail came a sled drawn by eight husky sled-dogs. On the sled, partly buried with fur robes, sat a young girl. Her face was aglow with a healthy red, and her hair curled around her face in yellow ringlets. A fur cap was pulled down to meet a fur collar, and she was urging the dogs onward to a greater speed.

Through the gathering dusk came the cry of wolves, ever nearing; and Justine's eyes glistened with the cold and with the fear of these creatures.

On and on went the team; down the frozen river, and up the bank — in silence except for the grating ice under the runners and an occasional whine from a dog.

Mitzi, the leader of the team, was growing restless. Every instant she set up a howl to the moon that echoed through the stillness of the woods. From the distance came an answering cry from the pack of wolves. Justine shivered.

Then in the distance appeared a black spot. It was rapidly approaching; and as it came nearer, Justine recognized it as a dog team. She was instantly alert. Wild thoughts were surging through her mind. Friend or foe? But it turned out to be Jose from the trading post. Justine sat back with a feeling of security as he came up and turned his team about. As they jogged along toward home, he explained that the family had become worried, and he had set out to find her, and bring her safely home.

Then they realized that the pack had scented their trail and were "dogging" them. In Jose's quiet manner there was no sign of fear, but he was inwardly planning how to protect themselves.

Finally he said, "We had better stop and build a fire. We can't go much farther without being attacked."

So they rolled out of the blankets and started a fire with the box in which Justine was carrying provisions on her sled; they also secured some large dry limbs and made a pile to burn, little by little. Then the frightened dogs were unhitched and the sleds turned sideways with the fires at each end to form a barricade. By this time the pack was sneaking near them, not quite knowing what to do, as fire was their greatest enemy.

Justine and Jose threw the hungry pack a huge quarter of lamb, one of the articles of provision. This kept the pack quiet for several minutes, eating and growling. The lighted

sticks, flourished over the heads of the beseiged, bewildered the wolves. The dogs were soon lost control of, and with angry snarls they surged into the pack, all but faithful Mitzi.

The rest of the wolves, not occupied with fighting the dogs, were pushing forward almost tasting the blood and flesh of the humans. With madness several at a time would dash forward, only to be repulsed by the fires and flaming brands. The woods, to the beseiged, seemed an ocean of gleaming teeth and fiery eyes. They grabbed and tore the fur rugs to shreds. Defeat and death seemed near.

And then suddenly Jose remembered his automatic. In the frenzy of the barricading and starting fires, he had forgotten his means of defence — firearms. He fired into the surging, angry pack. The flash and report frightened and terrified them. For a moment and only a moment, they stood as if frozen in their tracks. Then they turned; and with a last snarl and howl fled into the darkness of the woods.

The moon made a white path over the hills and lighted the woods. On the ground lay frozen bodies of dead wolves. But the night was serene, and from the distance came the howl of the still hungry, hunting pack.

KATRINE SCHUYLER, '27.

NIGHT

A cricket's tune,
'Neath a silver moon,
A soft wind's sigh,

A starlit sky,
A flicker bright
Of a firefly's light —
And this is night.

HELEN HEALY, '26.

THE STORM KING

The Storm King comes in his chariot of white
With his wintry winds and snows.
He whistles and shrieks like
The war of the bands
That come from the depths below.
The Storm King is a man of great age
With his hoary locks so pure;
To watch him as he soars through the sky
Will remind you of mythical days of yore.
The Storm King is a man of great strength
He destroys things that come in his path
Like a reaper of Death, he does not select
But takes them as they pass.

L. PANETTA, '26

THE LOG JAM

"A lazy shiftless good-for-nothing" — that is what the truant master, Deacon Brown, had said while calling on his father last evening. Well, he had played truant, he soliloquized, but he hadn't meant to. The river as usual had called him, and he couldn't resist its wild appeal. It called him today, more loudly, more persistently than it did yesterday; and his willing feet were even now carrying him directly toward it and away from school. What did Deacon Brown or his father, for that matter, know of this wild urge within him to follow, follow, the siren call of the river; to yield himself to its racing tide and float with it under sun and moon, far, far away, into the great world of men, or across the wide ocean at its mouth to savage isles or strange golden strands; or even to stand man to man and fight the angry seas.

Today the ice was breaking up; and the great cakes, sparkling and glistening in the sun, sailed away like fabled argosies on some great adventure. In the distance could be heard the crash and boom of logs released from their winter sleep in the ice far to the north; booming and rollicking, turning first one slippery side to the sun and then rolling over in wild abandon seemingly of joy, they raced toward the arches of the old bridge, upon which stood John. Here around the masonry of the bridge strong platforms of cement and stone had been so placed that a man could stand upon them, and with a good strong pike or bar fend off the racing logs from the supports of the bridge and steer them through the openings.

On, on, came the logs, leaping into the air, twisting, booming like sea monsters, John thought, and he thrilled with joy at the mad, wild flight of them toward the sea. But what was that wild cry of fear? It was a man fleeing from death as he climbed up beside John, his pike in his hand, and his face blanched, as he looked down upon the spot he had deserted and beheld a tangled mountain of logs piled high. A jam was ahead, and a bad one, at the weakest spot on the bridge, its very center. It must be broken at once or the bridge would go down.

John looked back at the miles of water full of racing logs, and at the men who, aware of the almost certain death coming to the man brave enough to carry the dynamite down to the bottom of that nest of logs and blow up the log that controlled the jam, would not volunteer.

"Lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing" — they had said of him — surely he was the one to be spared. This was why his feet had led him to this spot perhaps. He grasped the sticks of dynamite before the men were aware of his presence or purpose, and descended the iron rods of the ladder riveted to the masonry. The roar of the logs, still piling up or crashing by,

filled his ears. Here and there a small opening between the logs permitted him to climb down, down, ever down until he reached the very lowest log and lighted his fuse. He placed the explosive as far out from the bridge as possible in the very heart of the jam. Diving as deeply as he could into the icy water, he swam away as fast as his numbed limbs would carry him. With a terrific explosion the jam was lifted far up into the air. And up, far above the bridge amid logs and ice, a boy flew as if on wings, a bravely smiling boy, still smiling when they tenderly lifted his mangled body from the cruel waters. He had at last started out on the greatest adventure of all, and if you should travel to that little northern town today you would see a bronze tablet on the bridge, commemorating his brave deed, — and never a word of the "shiftless good-for-nothing." HAZEL G. EATON, '26.

LIFE'S PATHWAY

Standing tonight at my window,
Gazing out over the sea,
I wonder what Life's Pathway
Holds in store for me.

If the Angel of Death should call me,
My dreams will fade with the night,
And tomorrow I'll be with my Creator,
In the land of the Holy Light.

If the summons I could not answer,
And if I should live on for years,
I wonder if God's Pathway,
Will hold for me sorrows and tears.

Perhaps a silver lining,
May appear through clouds of grey,
And who knows what happiness,
May come to me some day.

CLAIRE MCDERMOTT, '26.

DAWN

Water lapping on the shore,
Far in the east a faint, faint light
The light grows stronger, and across
The wave-capped water
Comes the first light of dawn.
Before this ever-growing light
The shore is transformed;
Then, above the horizon,
Appear the first rays of the morning sun.
Night is gone, dawn has come
Bringing with it sunshine and joy.

WHERITY, '26.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Let us imagine we are taking a December walk. We shall ask a few people that we meet how they expect to celebrate Christmas.

We see a young lady approaching, clad in furs and dressed in the latest style. Her name is Miss Selfishness. We ask her how she plans to celebrate Christmas. She answers, "Oh, I am having an awful time trying to buy pretty presents for my friends and to spend very little money. I have loads of friends that will give me just lovely presents, and I must give them something in return, but I must save money enough to buy a new set of furs that will cost $200.00."

The next person we meet is Greedy. He is dressed in nice clothes, but they are rather soiled. Let us ask him what he plans to do for Christmas. He replies joyfully, "Oh boy, I am going to have turkey, potatoes, celery, cranberry sauce, turnip, squash, and after that all the candy and nuts I want. Now isn't that a good way to celebrate Christmas!"

Here comes old Mr. Grouch down the street. "How are you planning to celebrate the Holiday, Mr. Grouch?" we ask.

"Holiday, what holiday? The world never did me any good. I shan't pay it back with presents." Let us pass on. He is too much like his name.

The next man we meet is plodding along rather dreamily as though he is thinking of something very important. What can it be? His name is Mr. Moneymad. In answer to our question of how he is expecting to celebrate Christmas, he answers, "Don't bother me. I am too busy thinking of how to support my family. Christmas means nothing to me except that I can't work and so I shall lose one day's pay."

The next people we meet are two little children, the boy carrying a small box in his hand and acting as though it were the most precious thing in the world. Perhaps it is. Let us ask them. They answer our question happily, "Oh, we have just been to the village and bought Mama a lovely bottle of perfume, and it cost ten cents. We have been saving up for a long time."

The Christmas spirit of these little children reminds me of the following:

"The real Christmas spirit is not seen of men, nor is it found by searching the thronging highways. It abides in the heart, and many there are who never have its presence. The true Christmas spirit is love, a love that makes you wish you were to see others as well as yourself happy and merry on Christmas Day, a love that makes you willing to share with others some of your own joy and gifts, a love that makes you unselfish and makes you feel it is more blessed to give than to receive."

NELLIE MITCHELL, '29.

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MORN

The wind arose one cool, clear night;
It lifted my spirit to the restless stars,
Exalted it in unshaped dreams.
My soul was moved among these mysteries
As I stood meekly gazing
In a rhapsody of silence.

My tranquil calm continued, —
The moon smiled as I gazed at the countless stars
Slowly twinkling away a prelude
To the dawning of a new day,
A promise from God to all,
The fulfillment of his presence.

H. ALEXANDER, '26.

CAMPING OUT

A group of boys in the last days of autumn had gathered around the open fire in their "shack," as they called it, to discuss the possibilities of camping out.

"Well," said Jack, one of the leaders, "I think it would be great fun. Kids are always camping out in the summer, but I never heard of any one camping out in the fall. The idea of being scared. To hear my mother talk, anybody'd think we were babies. Anyhow, if any of the rest of you fellows get scared, I shall stay there anyway."

"My mother and father said I could if I wanted to, but they said they would expect me back, as soon as it began to get dark," said Billy, another of the brave pioneers.

These boys had formed a sort of club, named "The Explorers," and they had decided that the proper thing for such brave fellows as they were to do was to camp out of doors around a camp fire for at least one night. They had arranged a system by which each boy had to stand watch for one hour of the night, for in spite of their fathers' joking and scoffing at their expense, they thought there might be a possibility of wild animals, and of course they must be on the safe side. Besides, it was altogether more realistic to them to have a "night watch" as they called it.

"Well," said Red, who had been elected leader of "The Explorers," "let's put the matter to a vote. All those who are in favor, and whose mothers and fathers have given their consent say, 'Aye.' "

"Aye!" shouted all the boys in unison.

"I tell you what!" cried Teddy excitedly. "I've got just the thing. Why didn't I think of it before?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Jack impatiently. "Go ahead! Break the news!"

"Instead of waiting till to-morrow night, let's camp out to-night. It would give our mothers and fathers a good scare. They think we're so timid and all that, maybe they won't hereafter!"

"Good idea!" "Let's!" "I'm willing!" broke from all the boys, and they started chattering as fast as they could.

"Here! Here! Come to order! We'll vote on it. All those who want to stay to-night say 'Yes,'" Red shouted excitedly, completely forgetting his parliamentary law and order.

"Yes," all the boys cried. "Come on. Let's start now!"

"Where'll we camp?" asked Billy, as they poured out of the shack. "Doesn't it look dark? Let's not go way over to the pines to-night. We can next time."

"Yeah," assented one of the boys. "Let's go over behind Old Man Brown's house, and sleep in back of his barn. It's all woods over in back of there, any way."

The boys ran along the road a little way, and then they cut across the cauliflower field of Old Man Brown.

"Here's a good place," shouted back Red, who had gone ahead to find a location for their camp and had already climbed the fence which separated the field from the barn.

"Gee Whiz," cried Teddy, as he paused before climbing over the fence, "doesn't it look awful dark. Perhaps my mother was right. We might get cold, you know."

"Yes," said Billy, "just suppose we did get cold. We couldn't play football or anything."

"'Let's wait 'till next week," suggested Jack, glancing nervously behind him.

"Yes, let's," said another boy.

As the words left his mouth, Billy tripped over one of the cauliflower stubs and went down with a bang. This was just what the rest of them needed to start them for home and off they went on a run, tumbling and tripping over the field.

Red, who had already climbed over the fence, took one look around, lost all his bravery in that look, and followed their example.

"Oh, by the way," mentioned Billy to his father as he started for bed, "we've decided not to camp out this year."

"You don't mean it," replied his father with a smile. "Why so?"

"Too many skunks out in November," said Billy, as he disappeared up the stairs.

SARAH BAKER, '28.

Rita O'Hern: "Say, Eleanor, what poem did you learn for English?"

Eleanor Cole: "'It Can't Be Done.'"

Rita O'Hern: "Can't be done? Why not?"

Eleanor Cole: "'It Can't Be Done' by Edgar Guest."

NIGHT

Soothing night!
Its cool breath gently strikes one's face
Sweeping dewy mist in from the sea.
A shadowy moon half peeps from a silvery cloud.
All is enveloped in the inky blackness of night.
Waves gently lapping the moist sands
Make quiet music.
Far off among the reeds a frog croaks,
Disturbed by some chance from his rest.
How still the night —
How restful and how peaceful.
And memories—.

H. L. Wilson, '26.

DRAMATICS

The Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs are planning a demonstration of the work of the Glee Clubs and the orchestra. They are not giving a show but a form of a concert.

This annual work of the Glee Clubs will not be like anything they have ever done before. They have planned rather a unique evening. The program is comprised of Indian selections. There will be scenes in costumes illustrating Indian legends.

The girls are giving Mon-dah-Min, an American-Indian legend set to music, as a cantata. Mon-dah-Min means "corn." Among the Ojibwa Indians each spring, a chosen maiden must walk around the field of young corn, at night, alone, with a trailing blanket. This is magic protection for the growing corn from beetle, bug and crow, and will make a bountiful harvest.

The boys will give an interpretation of Indian legends.

The orchestra will play characteristic music which, we know, will add effect to this concert.

We hope everyone who is able will attend this demonstration. The date will be announced later. Watch for it in the Scituate Herald.

Eleanor M. Cole, '26,
Dramatic Editor.

SCHOOL NOTES

To make this year a memorable one, the Seniors began to scurry around for new ideas, suggestions, and plans.

During the first week of school the following officers were elected: Anna Conant, president; Rose Herman, vice president; Hazel Eaton, secretary; Edgar Hyland, treasurer.

The project of a series of class parties was immediately attended to. At the present time there have been four parties. The hostesses have been Anna Conant, Hazel Eaton, Eleanor Cole, and Margaret Torrey.

The economics class has recently visited Keith's Shoe Factory of East Weymouth and the Walter Baker Chocolate Factory of Dorchester in order to understand more thoroughly the subject of the division of labor which is being studied in this class.

The Senior Girls, who are complimentary members of the Scituate Woman's Club, have attended all the meetings held at the Club House this season. They have found each meeting more interesting than the preceding one.

The Senior Class is greatly pleased with the success of the food sale which was given at the High School, Saturday, December 5. In spite of the rain nearly everything was sold.

A committee, composed of Miss Dudley, Anna Conant, Sallie Murphy, and Lois Wilson, went to Boston for the purpose of choosing a class play. The final selection will soon be announced.

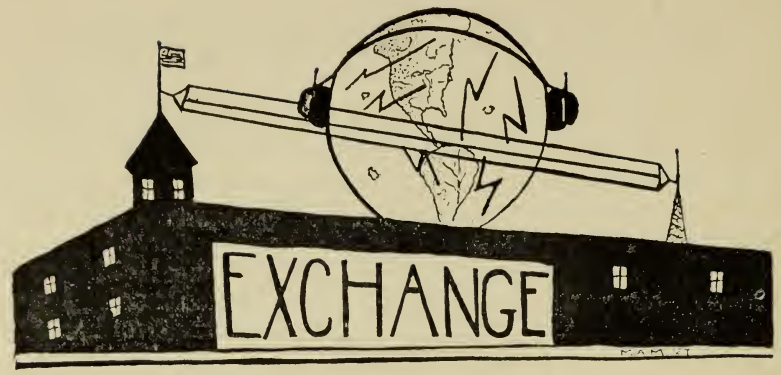
Many of the members of the commercial class have been awarded certificates for speed and accuracy from the Royal Typewriter Company and certificates for the eighty work transcription test from the Gregg Company. Four of the girls are members of the Order of Artistic Typists.

The first meeting of the Sophomore Class was held the second week of school. The election of officers was as follows: John Young, president; Priscilla Cole, vice president; Katherine Somers, secretary; Sarah Baker, treasurer.

The first project that the class took up was a party given to the Freshmen of November 28 at the Allen Memorial Library. Miss Bradford and Miss Pierson acted as chaperons.

In the Freshman Class the following officers were elected: John Stewart, president; James O'Connor, vice president; Ruth Dwyer, secretary; Ethel Tierney, treasurer.

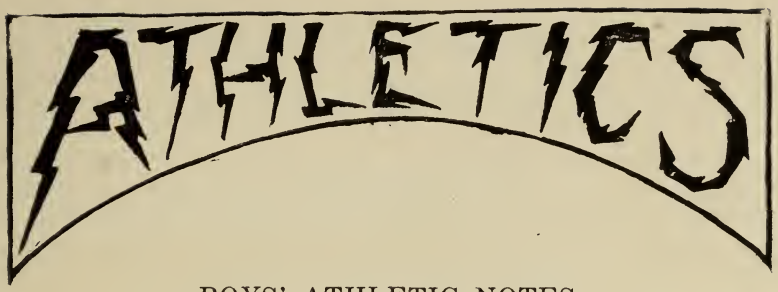
The new cover design for our paper was an extra problem assigned to the Art Classes. The ones who stuck to the problem were Paul Quinn, Gertrude Wherity, Malcolm Merritt, Priscilla Cole and Anna Healy. The design drawn by Paul Quinn was finally chosen. However, all the students that entered this contest deserve credit for their good work.



Following is a list of the school papers we received last year. We enjoyed them very much and hope that we may have copies of this year's issues.

The *Unquity Echo,* Milton High.
The *Parrot,* Rockland High.
The *Partridge,* Duxbury High.
The *Meteor,* Berlin High, Berlin, N. H.
The *Eastoner,* North Easton High.
The *Abhis,* Abington High.
The *Pilgrim,* Plymouth High.
The *Enterprise,* Roxbury High.
The *Appleton,* New Ipswich, N. H.
The *Hermiad,* Hingham High.
The *Golden Rod,* Quincy High.
The *Periscope,* Bridgewater High.
The *Taconic,* Williamstown High.
The *Echo,* Canton High.
The *Clarion,* Arlington High.
The *Red and Black,* Whitman High.
The *Wampatuck,* Braintree High.
The *Reflector,* Weymouth High.
The *Spice Box,* Avon, Mass.
The *E. H. S. Record,* Boston.
The *Student's Pen,* East Bridgewater High.
The *Anvil,* Varnille High, Varnille, S. C.
The *Menotomy Beacon,* West Junior High, Arlington.
The *Par-Sem,* Parsonsfield Seminary, Maine.
The *Climber,* Howard High, West Bridgewater.

MARGARET TORREY, '26.
Exchange Editor.



BOYS' ATHLETIC NOTES

The boys, under the direction of Mr. Kruzyna, have been practicing on the track. A squad of about twenty-five has reported regularly each day and plans are under way for a track team this spring.

Despite the fact that a foot ball team was not organized this fall, one watching the boys at noon would think that they were striving for positions on a college eleven. It is hoped that next year the field will be usable and a foot ball team will be organized.

Because of the conditions of the hall, basket ball practice has been somewhat postponed. Last year's basket ball team made a creditable showing in view of the fact that none of the team had ever played basket ball before. The team will be a formidable one this year as it has a few of last year's experienced players: Hyland, Driscoll, Wherity, Prouty, Panetta, Merritt and Evans. Morris, the center, McCarthy, forward, and Curran, guard, will be missed, however.

The first meeting of the Athletic Association was called on Friday, December 4. The officers who are to serve for the year were elected. They are as follows: President — John Prouty, Vice President — John L. Young, Secretary — Nellie Mitchell, Treasurer — Miss Dudley. Edgar Hyland and Malcolm Merritt were chosen as manager and assistant manager of the boys' basket ball team. They both promise a hard schedule for the boys.

JOHN STEWART, '29,
Boys' Athletic Editor.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The athletics among the girls have not been very extensive this fall, although the girls have had some practice on the track. Very little of this work was done, however, because of the failure to begin the work early enough.

The cheer leaders for the coming year are Hazel Eaton and Anna Conant. Both of these girls have shown their ability in this sort of work, and it is expected the cheering section will be larger than ever this year.

A contest to secure membership to the Athletic Association was recently held by the school. This contest was very successful. The enthusiasm of each student was aroused by a graph placed on the blackboard, which showed the progress of each class.

One of the most important questions that arose in the first athletic meeting was that of supplying wood to heat the hall in which basketball is to be played. The hall could not be used without being heated enough to take the extreme dampness out of the building.

The basketball team, which is to start practice as soon as possible, will be much the same as last year's. It is hoped that two first-class teams will be organized this year, as there is sufficient material.

The girls have elected as their manager, Miriam Tilden. A schedule of games to be played with other schools will be arranged as soon as possible.

K. MURPHY, '26.

JOKES

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY

"Some one stole my beaker!"

"Aw! that's nothing. Some one cracked mine."

Chemistry Teacher: "Name three articles containing starch."

Student: "Two cuffs and a collar."

* * *

Johnny: "Pst. Pa, there's the burglar!"

Father: "How many times have I told you not to point."—Exchange.

* * *

Lady Macbeth: "All the perfumes of Arabia will never sweeten this little hand."

Bright Pupil From Gallery: "Ain't y'u got no Lux, lady?"

* * *

HEARD IN ENGLISH C

Frankie Whittaker: "Hey, Glea, sit near me. I want an inspiration for my essay."

Glea Cole: "Nothin' doin'! so do I."

* * *

HEARD IN U. S. HISTORY

Mr. Martin: "Why couldn't any one impeach, say, President Wilson?"

Bright Pupil: "Cause he's dead."

* * *

Near-sighted Daddy: "I hate to complain on Xmas morning, but I must say that this ham is awful tough."

Daughter: "Why, Dad, you're eating the bedroom slippers that Aunt Sarah sent!"

* * *

COMMERCIAL SENIORS

Claire: "Hey, K, what did you get for passing your commercial tests?"

"K": "Have you seen those new Ford roadsters?"

Claire: "Yes! yes!"

"K": "Well, I got fifty cents."

* * *

A LITERARY JOKE

"Great Scott, I've forgotten who wrote 'Ivanhoe'."

"I'll tell you if you tell me who the Dickens wrote 'A Tale of Two Cities.'"

* * *

LATIN D

Latin Teacher: "When did Virgil die?"

Bright Pupil: "51 A. B."

L. Teacher: "A. B., Don't you mean B. C.?"

Bright Pupil: "51 A. B. Fifty-one years after birth."

* * *

Evelyn, who was doing American History: "Has any one got a map?"

K. Murphy: "Look at me!" (and she made a face.)

Rose: "You poor fish, she doesn't want the map of Ireland."

* * *

Question: "What's the best joke you've heard yet?"

Answer: "Hyland."

Question: "Hyland? Why he's not much of a joke."

Answer: "Oh, yes, he is. He's our Joke Editor."

ANNA A. CONANT,
EDGAR HYLAND,
Joke Editors.

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